FLOWER OF THE JACOBINS,

CONTAINING

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF THE

LEADING MEN AT PRESENT

AT THE

HEAD OF AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

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DEDICATED TO

LEWIS THE SIXTEENTH,

KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE, &c.

SECOND EDITION.

Now by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellows in her time;

SHAKESPEARE.

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TO

LEWIS THE SIXTEENTH,

KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE,

&c. &c. &c.

Je l'aimé tout puiſſant, malheureux je l'adore.

ROYON.

SIRE,

WILL you permit a foreigner, whoſe only merit is a loyal heart, to intrude on the ſolitude of your priſon, and moiſten with his tears the chains he has not the power to diſſolve. Was your Majeſty ſeated on the ſplendid throne of the Bourbons, once the aſſylum of Kings, intereſt and ambition might lead me to its feet; but no ſordid views can actuate

a me,

me, in this aweful day, when the boſom which heaves a ſigh for your fate, is expoſed to the ſteel of aſſaſſins. I hope an abler pen than mine will vindicate inſulted majeſty; will paint the firmneſs and ſecurity of debaſed royalty; will tranſmit to poſterity your ſufferings, and your conſtancy. But, Sire, however inadequate I feel myſelf to that taſk, I truſt, that by repreſenting your perſecutors (I tremble when I pronounce the word aſſaſſins) in their true colours, I ſhall prove to the public the extent of your misfortunes, and the injuſtice of your fate.

Sire, in the purity of your intentions, and from the exerciſe of all civil and religious duties, you feel conſolation in your calamity, and though the

torrent,

torrent of rebellion and triumphant iniquity overwhelms at preſent the voice of reaſon and virtue, there are many loyal hearts who mingle their tears with thoſe of

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Revolution which has taken place in the civil and religious government of France, conſtitutes the moſt memorable and intereſting epoch in the hiſtory of mankind. Government has in every age experienced many changes and aſſumed various forms; but never before was an attempt made to ſubvert the order and harmony of ſociety, and to plunge man into the forlorn ſtate of nature.---Religion, whether degraded by polytheiſm and paganiſm, or ennobled by the precepts of Chriſtianity, has always had an influence on the minds of man: ſome men have appeared who have had the arrogance to combat reve-

lation and to profeſs deiſm, but never before was this licentiouſneſs carried to the delirium of atheiſm, which deprives man of the conſolation the idea of immortality offers, and reduces the reaſonable inhabitants of the earth to a level with its brute tenants.

France, groaning under many abuſes, and ſinking under the heavy load of miniſterial deſpotiſm, and tyrannical taxes, ſent forth the bitter moan of agony. Her cries were heard, and every claſs of citizens, every order of government united to redreſs her wrongs. The king, and never did a king more deſerve the reſpect and love of his ſubjects; for never did a king appear more noble or more amiable; the father of his people, invited his children to meet and to conſult on their ſituation, to pour their grievances into the boſom of a parent, and whatever ſacrifice was neceſſary for the happineſs of his people, would become grateful to the feelings of the Sovereign. The nobles renouncing all odious exemptions; all excluſive pri-

 vileges,

vileges, generouſly came forward to ſhare with the people their burthens. The clergy, exerciſing the moſt noble of Chriſtian virtues, that of patriotiſm, made an offer of a ſum to alleviate the public diſtreſs, exceeding tenfold, what has ariſen from the robbery committed on their property, and the ſale of their lands. The great maſs of the people animated with one impulſe, elected deputies to be the organs of their wants and wiſhes, and inſtructing them how far theſe extended to, entruſted to their wiſdom and to their integrity their deareſt intereſts. Here then was a golden opportunity of becoming free, great and happy! Here was an opportunity of making the Revolution, what Mr. Fox raſhly pronounced it to be, "the greateſt event for the happineſs of mankind, that ever took place ſince the creation of the univerſe." The great, the important day arrived; the eyes of all Europe were fixed with attention and anxiety on that unhappy country. Every citizen of the world felt a gene-

rous

rous intereſt in the cauſe: every heart of philanthropy beat with glorious expectation; but, lo, the cruel diſappointment! The repreſentatives of the people, becoming traitors to their Sovereign and to the nation, broke the ſceptre they ought to have ſtrengthened, and left the King a captive on his throne: they annihilated one order of the ſtate; they ſeized with ſacrilegious hands on the property of the clergy; and, becoming perjurers to their conſtituents, they uſurped a power expreſsly denied them by the people, and appointed themſelves legiſlators. Thus the day meant to crown France with glory covered it with opprobium: the day which might have eſtabliſhed its happineſs and peace, laid the foundation of its miſery and ruin; the day Frenchmen expected to be the Jubilee of Liberty and Patriotiſm, became that of the triumph of oppreſſion and rebellion. In this total overthrow of the conſtitution, many imagined they only beheld the fall of deſpotiſm; and conſi-

dering

dering the exceſſeſs of the rabble, as the natural effects of the popular effervescence of the moment, lent their aid to forge the chains in which France is at preſent bound, and thus became the architects of its deſtruction.

The preachers of the new philoſophy, found the time moſt favourable for the eſtabliſhment of their ſyſtem. Under the ſpecious names of liberty and toleration, they could ſap the throne of Cæſar, and overſet the altar of the Deity. The firſt aſſembly, contained within its walls many virtuous patriots, who formed a phalanx to combat and reſiſt the evil deſigns of the perjured majority. The eloquence of a Maury, the logic of a Cazales, though not able to ſtem the torrent, yet obſtructed its courſe. The great Mirabeau himelf, the pilot of the Revolution, inclining to monarchy, ſeemed deſirous to ſteer in a placid and temperate current. The republican faction, thought it therefore neceſſary to uſe their moſt ſtrenuous exertions for the execution of their

projects.

projects. With this view they formed the club, too fatally known by the name of the Jacobin club, and in which none were admitted but the moſt *determined Levellers*. Similar meetings were eſtabliſhed in all the great towns, and their emiſſaries covered the whole nation. Men were diſtributed in every corner of the capital to diſſeminate ſedition and impiety; and ruſhing into the very ſenate, they overpowered with clamour and menaces the voice of juſtice, religion, and patriotiſm. That ſhadow of an Aſſembly, (which ſucceeded to the one called Conſtituent) the *barebones Parliament* of France, was no more than the echo of this Jacobin club. All motions were firſt framed, agitated, and decided on in the club, and then were ſent for ceremony-ſake to the Aſſembly, to paſs through the mockery of its conſent. In that inglorious day, when their Monarch, Lewis XVI. whom the conſtituent Aſſembly had declared King of the French, was obliged to fly from his palace,

palace, aſſailed by armed ruffians, and to ſeek for ſafety in the boſom of the Aſſembly, liſtening to the dictates of fear they delivered him into the hands of his enemies. Reſigning all power to the Jacobins, they condemned themſelves to diſſolution, and put a period to their infamous and contemptible exiſtence. A pretended National Convention was ſummoned, which being choſen during the reign of anarchy, is entirely compoſed of Jacobins, whoſe ſatellites had awed the ſtate with maſſacres. By theſe means has France been reduced under the government of its preſent uſurpers, and rebellion and atheiſm flouriſh in that unhappy country. An acquaintance therefore with the leaders of this diſtinguiſhed club cannot be unintereſting either to the politician or to the man. I have been further induced to undertake this taſk, from the fond hope that it may not be totally unprofitable to my countrymen! A claſs of reſtleſs and factious men exiſts, who not only wiſh to repreſent the conduct

of

of the Jacobins as worthy of praiſe, but even of imitation. Convinced of the danger and pernicious tendency of their principles, I think it the duty of every citizen, to prevent, as far as he is able, their effects. This object, I flatter myſelf, will be in ſome ſmall degree promoted, by expoſing in their true lights the men held up to us for models. Mr. Paine tells us, that only men who ſhare the public ſpoils are intereſted for the preſervation of the preſent ſyſtem, let us ſee with what views thoſe men are actuated who conſpire its overthrow.

I aſpire not to literary fame; the ſhafts of criticiſm will therefore fly unheeded. But, though I court not favour, I have not the affectation to deſpiſe it. If I may be allowed the merit of an honeſt endeavour, to diſcriminate between the rational rights of man, and the wild theories of equality; to inculcate principles conducive to good order and the happineſs of mankind, the warmeſt purſuit of my heart will then be gratified, and the ſummit of my ambition attained.

MONSIEUR

MONSIEUR L'EGALITE,

Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that, the multiplying villanies of Nature do ſwarm upon him.

As virtue when it gilds the humble walks of life appears more amiable and intereſting; ſo vice appears more hideous from the contraſt when it ſullies and diſgraces the elevated ſtations. Hiſtory has conſigned many monſters of cruelty and licentiouſneſs to our horror and deteſtation: but it was reſerved to our days, to furniſh the world with a character on which all the vices of the human heart are heaped, without the ſhadow of a ſingle virtue; and this character is to be found in a Chriſtian and civilized country, adding dignity to the elegant perſon of Monſ. Egalité. A bad ſon, a bad father, a bad huſband, a bad friend, a bad citizen, without one

virtue of the heart to conciliate our love or eſteem; he has neither genius, fortitude, or one quality of the mind, to claim our admiration. A debauchee without feeling the paſſion of love; prodigal without generoſity; ambitious without courage; the mind revolts from the ſight of this horrid caricatura! And yet how incomprehenſible are the decrees of Providence. This man had within his graſp greater bleſſings than the moſt righteous man would dare to aſk for. The cup over-running with happineſs and greatneſs was preſented to his lips, and he daſhed it with ſcorn away. Poſſeſſed of riches, which, by relieving ſtruggling worth, would have procured him the love and prayers of honeſty, he has, by converting them into the means of ſeduction, brought on his head the curſes of ruined innocence and of weeping parents: enjoying the greateſt power in the ſtate he might have uſed its influence to have ſaved his country, but he erected the ſtandard of rebellion, and worked the deſtruction of his king, to whoſe throne his ambition beckoned him, but from which his puſillanimity repelled him; united to the moſt virtuous and moſt amiable of women, happineſs courted him home, but he flew from the arms of love and virtue to the embraces of infamy and debauchery; born to have been beloved,

happy,

happy, great, and virtuous, he choſe to be hated, miſerable, deſpiſed, and criminal. In the earlieſt part of his life, he choſe for his aſſociates a Biron, a de Cloos, a Sillery, and the moſt notorious characters of the age for debauchery and irreligion.

He ſoon outſtripped them all in the glorious courſe, and left the moſt experienced at a diſtance. To lead ingenuous youth from the paths of virtue into the road of wickedneſs, to triumph in the ruin of innocence, is a refinement on wickedneſs, which, I imagined, could be gratifying only to the malice of the great tempter of mankind. It was, however, a ſatisfaction flattering to the ambition, and delightful to the heart of Monſ. L'Egalité. Hiſtorical juſtice forces me to unfold a tale; the horror of which harrows my ſoul. His brother-in-law, ſon to the Duke of Penthievre, was endowed with principles of virtue and religion, which were nouriſhed and ſtrengthened by the piety and example of his parents. Early in life he was united in wedlock to the late unfortunate Princeſs de Lamballe; but the tenderneſs of their ages did not permit them to live together. On his demiſe the great eſtates he was to inherit from his father devolved on the ci-devant Duc D'Orleans, in right of his

wife. Here then was an object worthy the cupidity of this monſter; and all his arts were employed, alas, too ſucceſsfully, to crop this flower ere it bloſſomed! The young Prince de Lamballe, not as yet in his fifteenth year, baffled for a time all the allurements of his tempter; but the cruel fiend found him in a weak unguarded moment, and preſented to his paſſion the form of beauty. The unhappy youth imbibed, from the charms his generous friend had procured him, a loathſome diſtemper: and the ſame friend having ſent to his aſſiſtance his own phyſician, the young Prince in a few days fell a victim, as was generally imagined, to avarice. The cruel deſtiny of a youth univerſally beloved and eſteemed, the tears of a virgin widow, excited the compaſſion and enkindled the indignation of all who were acquainted with the hiſtory. The poignards of hired aſſaſſins have freed Monſ. Egalité from the conſtant reproach the unfortunate Princeſs de Lamballe living offended him with, but the waters of Lethe cannot waſh out the damned ſpot. The implacable hatred which he has manifeſted againſt his king, and the virulence with which he has joined the ſavage perſecutors of his queen, are not to be ſolely aſcribed to his aſpiring ambition. When the beautiful Marie Antoinette was as yet Dauphineſs of France,

and

and ſhining in the ſplendour of united attractions, our gallant made a proffer to her of his perſon. Oh, monſtrous thought, more mad than his ambition! I do not pretend to enter the liſts as the knight of this injured beauty; but whatever impeachment may be affixed on her conjugal fidelity, ſhe rejected with contempt the odious love of this degraded libertine; and even reported it to her huſband, who upbraided his couſin with his baſeneſs; hence his reſentment, hence his rebellion. Having raiſed a conſiderable loan in Holland for the accompliſhment of his views, it is a matter of notoriety, that the great Revolution of 1789, was brought to maturity by the diſtribution of his treaſures. It was with his money that the army was corrupted, with his money the people were inflamed to revolt, with his money all the agents of the rebellion were ſupplied. The firſt blow being ſtruck with ſucceſs, he had not the courage to aſcend the height he looked up to with deſire, and with envy. If his cowardice had not been ſtill ſtronger than his wickedneſs, I believe there is but little room to doubt, but what France, inſtead of being ruled by a Convention of Tyrants, would have been governed by a ſingle Heliogabalus. But he dared not what he would; and, on the 6th of October, 1789, when a hired and directed populace aſ-

faulted

ſaulted the palace of Verſailles in the dreary hour of night, he was trembling in diſguiſe, and pointed to the mob the ſecret paſſages leading to the apartments of the royal family.

That night would in all probability have proved the term of the ſufferings of Louis and his unfortunate family, if the loyalty and valour of ſome of the Gardes du Corps had not, by the generous ſacrifice of their lives, afforded them time to ſave themſelves from the criminal attempt. This conſpiracy having proved abortive, from the cowardice of Monſieur Egalité, he became the object of indignation to all virtuous citizens, and of contempt to thoſe of his own faction. His injured monarch, before whoſe preſence he had the impudence to appear, ſtruck him a blow in publick; and Mirabeau, with curſes on a man whom he deſcribed as always holding a piſtol loaded with crime and cocked without daring to pull the triger.(D'Orleans bande toujours le crime mais il n'oſe pas le tirer), abandoned him to his ſordid fate. Ruined in his finances, hated and deſpiſed, he ſought for ſhelter in this iſland: but guilt and ſhame purſued him, and the diſdain with which he was received by all ranks of people, and even by his former aſſociates, affords us the conſolitary

tary reflection, that though many errors may have clouded the dawn of a life Engliſhmen look to with anxiety, yet the love of virtue is ſtill predominant, and promiſes to cheer and illumine its future courſe; it creates in our boſoms the comfortable thought, that whatever political difference of ſentiment or views agitates the ſenate, and divides the people, rebellion is univerſally odious: and there is a fund of publick virtue and of ſenſe in this nation to baffle the attacks of intereſted demagogues, and to render vain and impotent the attempts of Engliſh Jacobins. The virtuous daughter of the Duke de Penthievre had long ſuffered in ſilent grief, the inſults which a man ſo unworthy of her merits had heaped upon her; but during the courſe of laſt winter ſhe was legally ſeparated from him. In the education of her children ſhe had found ſome conſolation in her diſtreſſes; but the cruel father tore from her embraces a darling daughter, whoſe company enlivened the gloom of her ſolitude. To add ſtill more poignancy to the ſeparation, he ſent her to this country under the care of a certain Madame S——y, the wife of a noted Jacobin, and who endeavours to inculcate theſe principles in the tender boſom of her pupil. The laſt act of notoriety of this celebrated character is, his

petition

petition to change his name: this affixes the ſeal to his folly *, and will, I hope, be the goal of his crimes. He may now exclaim:

" Grand Dieu! tes jugements ſont remplies d'equite,

" Tu prends tou jours plaiſir a nous etre propice.

" Mais j'ai fais tant des maux que jamais ta bonte.

" Ne me pardonnera ſans bleſſer ta juſtice.

" Oui Seignieur! la grandeur de mon impiete.

" Ne laiſſe a ton pouvoir que le choix du ſupplice.

" Ta juſtice s'oppoſe a ma felicite.

" Et ta clemence meme attends que je periſſe."

CORNEILLE.

* The follies private individuals commit have but little influence upon ſociety, and are in general dearly atoned for. It is therefore cruel to expoſe to the malice of an inexorable publick, the weakneſſes of our neighbours. Hard and wicked muſt be the heart which can derive pleaſure from ſlandering defenceleſs females, or calumniating envied ſuperiority. But when men, riſing from obſcurity, uſurping the ſeats of virtue and of wiſdom, dare to become the judges of their king and the diſpenſers of law, it becomes a duty to expoſe theſe impoſtors. When by emiſſaries they endeavour

endeavour to overwhelm all Europe in their misery, it ceases to be exclusively the cause of Frenchmen——it is the cause of every patriotic citizen in the world. It may be objected to me, that in this character I have exposed the private vices of the man, but be it remembered, that these vices, from his rank in life, were contagious; that these vices contributed to the destruction of his country. This life affords an awful lesson to Princes, and teaches them, that if they are forgetful of their own dignity, it will sink into contempt. A French lady, of great sense and wit, being in a circle of polite company, which two certain gentlemen of high rank disturbed by their rudeness; and shocked by their indecency, observed, "Ce sont des etres de cette espece qui sont des democrates."

C MONS.

MONS. PETHION.

What bloody ſcene has Roſcius now to act.

EVERY rebel who has convulſed the ſtate, and whoſe atrocious deeds have aſtoniſhed mankind, has been repreſented as an Oliver Cromwell. An examination of the features of that phænomenon muſt convince us, how few of his copyiſts have approached the original. Was I to preſume to point out the man whoſe reſemblance was the moſt ſtriking, I ſhould name Mirabeau. The activity of his mind, the ſublimity of his genius, laid the foundation of the French Revolution, and would, in all probability, have reared the fabric. His intuitive capacity foreſaw the abſurdity of ſtamping a republican form of government, on the extenſive country of France; and his view ſeems to have been by correcting the abuſes of the ſtate, without plunging it into anarchy; by annihilating deſpotiſm, without aboliſhing monarchy; to have eſtabliſhed a temperate government, the moſt likely to inſure the happineſs of the governed. In boldneſs of enterpriſe,

terpriſe, and in promptitude of execution, he was equal to Oliver Cromwell; and if fate had not ſtopt him in his career, his talents might have arreſted the downfal of his country, and have reſtored its priſtine ſplendor. The compariſon between theſe two wonderful men, I, however, confine to their political ſagacity; in ſome features which ſtrongly characterized our Engliſh Regicide we ſhall find a moſt perfect reſemblance in the portrait of the illuſtrious preſident of the French Convention. That profound hypocriſy, that unrelenting cruelty, that innate hatred for monarchy, that luſt for deſpotic ſway, all theſe dæmons who haunted the breaſt of the former are ſettled in the heart of this gloomy republican. Never was there ſo ſtrict a ſimilarity of diſpoſitions; and under both their portraits, we might inſcribe with juſtice theſe words of Juvenal:

Mel in ore verba lactis
Fel in corde, fraus in factis.

Though the outlines ſo perfectly coincide, yet, I truſt, ſome prominent traits will be wanting to complete the likeneſs; the leading of an unfortunate monarch to the block, the becoming the oppreſſor of his country, and terminating an odious and criminal life in his bed, theſe traits

which finish the picture of Oliver, will, I devoutly wish, be omitted in that of his worthy rival. I do not presume to impose my opinion on the publick, as therefore the picture of the assassin of Charles the First is in the possession of every one; I shall exhibit in faithful colours that of the scourge of France, and leave it to more able connoisseurs to decide on the similarity.

The first years of Monsr. Pethion's life were passed in the practice of the honourable functions of the lowest class of attornies; moving in so humble a sphere, his talents were circumscribed, and few individuals reaped those benefits from his genius which he has lately extended to all his fellow citizens. When Lewis XVI., listening to the complaints of his subjects, called together the representatives of the people to concert with them a remedy for their wants, this hypocrite, with well managed art, insinuated himself into the favour of the clergy; and was by their influence returned to the first National Assembly, as member for Chartres. The adder fixed deep his sting in the bosom that fostered him. The unrelenting animosity with which he has fanned the exterminating fury of a four years persecution against this class of citizens, is a standing monument of his gratitude; and the massacre of

so

ſo many thouſands of theſe unfortunate men, which, during his mayoralty he connived at, and even fomented, has inſcribed on it, in bloody characters, the generous qualities of his heart.

In the firſt National Aſſembly, which, notwithſtanding the perjury of the majority contained many political luminaries, many individuals of virtuous principles and ſublime genius, Monſ. Pethion was no ways conſpicuous. To raiſe himſelf from the obſcurity in which he grovelled, he aſſumed the character of a violent republican, and aſſociating himſelf with Roberſpirre, ſhone for ſome time with a borrowed light. After the King was ſtopped at Varennes, and conducted back to Paris, this vehement democrat was nearly metamorphoſed into a courtier, and he himſelf pointed out to the court the place of the Mayor of Paris as poſſeſſing ſufficient magic to operate the miracle. But Fayette, who at that time governed the councils, and ſecretly ambitioned the place of Mayor for himſelf, offered him any indemnification to abandon his pretenſions; convinced of the ſuperior popularity of Fayette, little doubt can be entertained but what he would have accepted of the proffered terms, when the moment arrived which preſented an opportunity, by the embracing of which,

which, he could, independent of the court, ſeat himſelf in the place he aſpired to. The event I allude to is the diviſion which took place in the Jacobin Club, and the ſubſequent ſeceſſion of Monſ. Barnave, the Lameths, and other leading members.

In conſequence of this ſeparation Monſ. Pethion was left the ruler of an aſſociation of men, who, deſtitute of property and of character, were prepared for the execution of any deſperate miſchief which their Cataline ſhould dictate to them. As the number of active citizens in this famous club did not amount to 2,000, which was a very ſmall proportion to 100,000, which Paris contains, and who of courſe had a right to the election of Mayor, the moſt ſtrenuous exertions of Monſ. Pethion's friends were neceſſary to effect his purpoſe, and in this inſtance they gave that demonſtration of their zeal and abilities, which, on every future occaſion they have manifeſted. On the firſt day of the election they diſperſed choſen bands of ſeditious furies through all the ſections, who vociferated curſes and menaces againſt any one who ſhould vote for Fayette. Many peaceable inhabitants were intimidated, and out of 100,000 only 9,500 gave their votes, of which 4,000 were for Fayette, and 5,500 for Pethion.

By

By theſe means he was declared Mayor of Paris, and placed his foot on the firſt ſtep of the ladder by which he aſpires to mount to the protectorſhip of this new-born republic. It may not be amiſs to call to the remembrance of our readers, that the time which this great character paſſed in this iſland was that which elapſed after he had concerted his meaſures with his friends in Paris until this election. During his reſidence here he honoured ſome gentlemen with his friendſhip, and the Revolution Society with his preſence. If this obnoxious plannet has left any infection in this country, I hope the ſcenes of horror and blood, which, during his reign, have ſtained France, will operate as an antidote to the poiſonous effects of his viſit.

Finding himſelf now Mayor of Paris, he looked forward with exultation to the accompliſhment of the diabolical ſcheme which his villany had long meditated. In the execution of his plan he proceeded with the cool deliberation of the moſt conſummate hypocrite. He did not lead the rabble to murder and pillage; but, by conniving at their exceſſes, by withholding from plunderers and aſſaſſins the rod entruſted to his hands, he raiſed the inſolence and fury of the mob to the pitch which he thought neceſſary for the

the ſucceſs of his enterprize. The firſt eſſay he made was on the 20th of laſt June; the horrors of that day are ſtill freſh in the memory of every one, and my heart would recoil at the repetition of them. But the throne had been poluted, not overthrown; the ſacred features of Majeſty had been diſfigured, not effaced; the annointed monarch had been inſulted and reviled, not exterminated. Something was therefore ſtill wanting to complete the triumph of the Regecides; and for this purpoſe Monſieur Pethion ſummoned the banditties from Marſeilles and Breſt to Paris, in direct oppoſition to the orders of the National Aſſembly. The eve of the ever-memorable 10th of Auguſt (an indeliable ſpot in the page of the Hiſtory of France), the King alarmed at the crowds which ſurrounded the Tuilleries, ſent for the truſty guardian of the laws, and imparted to him his apprehenſions; but the hypocrite aſſured him that he could anſwer for the peaceable diſpoſitions of the people, and the reſpect they had for the laws. The monarch tranquilized by his aſſurances, yielded himſelf to unſuſpecting repoſe, while the traitor, whoſe duty it was to have watched over it, was mixing the bitter potion which was next day adminiſtered to him. As it is not my intention to write the hiſtory of that day, ſo diſgraceful to

humanity,

humanity, I ſhall only touch upon the part our hero acted in the fatal tragedy. When the preceding evening he was aſcending to the King's apartments, he told the ſurrounding mob that he had been ſent for as an hoſtage, and not therefore to be ſurpriſed if they did not ſee him return. In order that the miſchief he had thus ſet on foot might work with ſucceſs, he returned from the palace by a back ſtaircaſe, and reached his home unperceived. The next day having concerted his plan with Briſſot, Chabot, and Merlin, he permitted himſelf to be arreſted by another mob, while the report of his being aſſaſſinated by the Swiſs Guards was induſtriouſly ſpread among the people. This manœuvre anſwered two purpoſes; it ſerved to inflame the mob, and afforded him an excuſe for not attempting to ſtem the overwhelming torrent. We confeſs his ingenuity was alway great; and we well remember that when the mob was buſy in pillaging a magazine of ſugar belonging to a merchant in the Fauxbourgh St. Marceau, who had voted for La Fayette; this vigilant magiſtrate was employed with the National Guards in the Fauxbourgh St. Antoine in ſeparating two men who were quarrelling for a horſe, the property of an Ariſtocrat. But the day approached to crown his moſt ſanguine

 wiſhes.

wiſhes. The conducting of an unfortunate monarch and his royal family to a priſon, the expoſing them to the impious deriſion of an inſolent rabble, the power of inſulting fallen greatneſs, afforded a delicious feaſt to the ferocious and callous heart of this cruel republican. A people exaſperated by the artful machinations of deſigning demagogues, taught by incendiaries to conſider their ſovereign as their natural enemy, and as the author of the calamities which threaten them, may plead their ignorance as ſome plea for the exceſſes of their rage; and the righteous may, without offending the juſtice of the Deity, petition his clemency for theſe wretches who know not what they do: but what excuſe can the regicides offer to avert the curſe they have themſelves invoked upon their heads. Since the confinement of the royal family, every outrage which could aggrevate the uncommon cruelty of their lot, every ſting which could add freſh tortures to the poignancy of their diſtreſs, has been applied by their ſavage gaoler. Deprived of their attendants, whoſe ſoothing friendſhip might brighten the dark ſcene of adverſity, conſtrained to fix their eyes on the mangled bodies of their maſſacred friends, we might have imagined that every feeling had been ſufficiently put to the rack; but this amicable man ſuggeſted a new

trial,

trial, which I challenge any one to match in all the annals of tyranny. The deſcendant of St. Lewis, attached to the religion, which his anceſtors had ſo long followed, wiſhed to practiſe the duties it impoſed on him, and applied for fiſh on a Friday, but he was anſwered that the Mayor had given his orders not to pay any obſervance to days, but to ſerve him on Fridays the ſame as upon other days. With this trait, which adds a finiſhing ſtroke to the character of my hero, I ſhall beg leave to diſmiſs him. There is but one act left by which he may compleat the meaſure of his crimes; but let him reflect, that though he ſhould ſtrike the fatal blow, Providence has ſaved from his fangs, ſome branches of royalty, advancing to avenge its degraded front, and to raiſe it to the ſeat from which irreligion and rebellion have hurl.d it.

Celui qui ſcait mettre uns frein a la fureur des flots,
Peut auſſi des mechants arreter les complots.

* I do not mean to become the panegyriſt of Mirabeau—I ſpeak of him as a politician; and

* To the accuſations which have been levelled againſt the court, as having a deſign, on the 10th of Auguſt, to all the cries of treachery and perjury echoed by the Jacobines in the country; to the aſſertions of the Swiſs Guards having firſt fired on the people, I ſhall propoſe one ſimple queſtion: How came the mob armed to the Palace of the Thuilleries?

the tribute paid to his genius, candour cannot deny. He foreſaw the miſchief brewing in the club of Jacobins, and warned his country of its danger. Whether he was actuated by intereſted motives in ſupport of the reaſonable rights of the crown, or whether he was ſincere in his profeſſions of attachment to the conſtitution, I do not pretend to ſcrutinize—of his private life I am ſilent; when an expoſition of private vices is not beneficial to mankind, my heart dictates to me to draw a veil over them. He has been arraigned before a tribunal we ſhall all one day be ſummoned to, and who dares pronounce his judgment.

MONSIEUR

MONSIEUR BRISSOT.

Ye little villains muſt ſubmit to fate
While great ones rule the world in ſtate.

IN a country where the ſyſtem of equality founded on the rights of man is predominant, we cannot be ſurpriſed that a man, who, before theſe rights were eſtabliſhed, frequently expoſed himſelf to imminent danger by the exerciſe of them ſhould become the object of popular favour. It may, however, be an entertaining object of ſpeculation to the moraliſt to trace the caprices of fortune, and obſerve this frolickſome queen; elevating in a ſportive humour, ſome men to power and opulence for actions, for the perpetration of which, in a more moroſe temper, ſhe condemns other individuals to condign puniſhment. The modern philoſopher, who conſiders virtue as a mere ſhadow, and the horror inſpired by crimes, as the prejudice of unenlightened and enfeebled minds, may ſupport his aſſertion by the argument, that if in one country the breaches of what is called morality, are ſtigmatized and puniſhed, in another they meet with

with honour and reward. This argument may be illuſtrated by the example of Monſ. Briſſot. As I have not, however, acquired ſufficient light to confound right with wrong, nor am endowed with ſufficient ſtrength of mind to doff the ſhackles of a religious education, I ſhall not attempt to juſtify or palliate the actions of my hero, but having acquitted myſelf of my duty as a faithful hiſtorian conſign him without any comment to the indulgence of my readers.

Monſ. Briſſot, known before the Revolution by the name of Briſſot de Warville, entered upon the ſtage of public life in England as the confidant and companion of the unfortunate La Motte, who was executed during laſt war as a ſpy. Fate preſerved Warville for more renowned exploits. Abſence of mind is a failing incident to men of great genius, and Monſ. Briſſot was ſo ſubject to it that he frequently miſtook his neighbour's pockets for his own. This ſingularity expoſed him to the purſuits of the police officers, and obliged him to retire from a country in which, contrary to his principles, property is protected, and the invaders of it proſecuted. He next viſited Switzerland, and commenced author by the publication of two celebrated pamphlets, namely, *Theorie du Vol*, and *Apologie du Vol*. But wiſhing

ing to reduce his theory into practice; and not finding the Swiſs ſatisfied with his apology, he quitted a ſoil, which did not promiſe an abundant harveſt, and came to Paris in the year 1779. Diſcouraged by the ill ſucceſs he had met with in the profeſſion he had hitherto followed, he offered his ſervices to Monſ. le Noir *, the then miniſter of the police, and was regiſtered at his office for a penſion of 800 livres a year. From the knowledge he had acquired of the Engliſh language the French miniſtry judged he might be uſeful to them in America, and ſent him there in the dignified character of a ſpy. Acquiring by the recommendation he had from ſeveral French gentlemen to their friends an opportunity of obſerving the country, he publiſhed his hiſtory of North America; a work which, though it contains many fabricated anecdotes of the Engliſh, and a falſe ſtatement of their army, is not deſtitute of merit, and is certainly the beſt of his literary productions. Since the concluſion of the

* Briſſot admits of this fact; but he will not allow that he received this penſion as a ſpy; he ſays, it was a ſop thrown out to Cerberus, and given to him not to write againſt government. This, however, does not accord very well with the deſcription of the old government, as it ſeems the cuſtom prevailed, in that time, of rewarding libellers and ſeditious writer with a chamber in the Baſtile.

war

war he has paid two viſits to England, but the impreſſion his talents had made not being effaced, and meeting with ſeveral of his acquaintance whoſe preſence was troubleſome to him, his ſtay here was very ſhort. On his return to France, government ſuſpecting him to act in the double capacity of ſpy againſt France as well as for it, furniſhed him with a lodging for a ſhort time in the Baſtile.

In the year 1788, the period of the diſputes between the court and the parliament, and of the troubles in the aſſembly of the ſtates of Brittany and Dauphiny, he was employed by Monſieur de Brienne, the then prime miniſter of France, to inſinuate himſelf into the confidence of Monſieur Meunier, La Fayette, and ſeveral other gentlemen ſuppoſed to be adverſe to the projects of the miniſter. When in America he made himſelf a Quaker, and has ever ſince affected the ſimplicity of their manners and dreſs. Monſieur Voltaire, the apoſtle of the French, having beſtowed great eulogiums on this ſect, it is held in the higheſt veneration amongſt them. Although in his incendiary writings, and inflammatory ſpeeches, he recommends principles very oppoſite to the meekneſs of the Quakers; his aſſuming the title of one, ſerved greatly to promote

mote his popularity which originated from the protection of La Fayette, whoſe friendſhip he firſt courted, and of whoſe downfal he was one of the moſt active inſtruments. He is the editor of the *Patriot Francaiſs*, the moſt virulent of the Jacobin newſpapers. Though not a member of the French academy, he has greatly enriched his mother tongue. The following words are at preſent quite in vogue: *Briſſetter*, to pick a pocket; un Briſſotteur, a pick-pocket; Briſſot mette ſes grands; i. e. when any one puts his hands in the pockets of his neighbour. Long verſed in the arts of diſſimulation and hypocriſy, experienced in intrigue and treachery, his qualities of this kind are not much inferior to thoſe of the arch fiend Pethion; and if juſtice oblige us to give the palm to the latter, it is not without paying a due tribute to the merits of the former*.

* I cannot take leave of Monſieur Briſſot, without noticing the declaration he has publiſhed to the different courts of Europe, vindicating the impriſonment of Lewis XVI., and accuſing, in direct terms, the king of Great Britain as acting againſt the ſpirit of our conſtitution, in recalling his ambaſſador Lord Gower. It is not my intention to refute his ſophiſms, but if his eloquence has made an impreſſion upon any man's mind, I beg of him to read a pamphlet, lately publiſhed by Debret, which expoſes, in the moſt convincing and temperate terms, the fallacy of his arguments.

ROBERSPIERRE.

Count all the advantage proſperous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and diſdains.

WHEN miniſters have been impeached and branded as plunderers becauſe they have acquired a fortune after toiling years in the public ſervice; when the penſioners of the royal bounty have been juſtly, perhaps, repreſented as the locuſts of the ſtate, when the ſovereign has been reduced to an eleemoſynary exiſtence; when private property has been invaded on pretence to ſupply the exigencies of the nation, it cannot be impertinent or officious to inveſtigate the private property of theſe public ſpirited and diſintereſted patriots. When we behold a man, who, but four years ago, when deputed to the National Aſſembly to ſerve his country with his talents and his virtues, was provided with a coat upon the occaſion by an old benefactor; when we behold this man inhabiting a ſplendid hotel in the capital; when we ſee him rolling in glittering equipages, and reveling in banquets and entertainments, is it not

fair

fair to inquire into the ſources of theſe riches, and to aſk if they are compatible with the rigid virtues of the republican? Come all ye who pant for dignities in the ſtate, ſee them adorn the bloody brows of an aſſaſſin, and they will appear diſguſting to you! Come, who bend at Fortune's ſhrine, ſee her proſtitute her treaſures on a Roberſpierre, and you will learn to ſcorn her favours.

I have heard Monſ. Roberſpierre often mentioned as the nephew of Damien's who was executed in 1769, for an attempt on the life of Lewis XV. Though our republican would certainly be no diſgrace to his pedigree, yet I cannot find that there is any ground for this report further than a ſimilarity of diſpoſitions. I have made reſearches, but have not been able to trace his genealogy. Who his parents were is yet a myſtery, as he was a poor orphan at Arras, and received his education and livelihood from the bounty of its charitable Biſhop. He paſſed the firſt years of his life as the clerk of an obſcure attorney, and earned a miſerable exiſtence in that line, until the meeting of the firſt National Aſſembly, when, by the influence of his benefactor the Biſhop of Arras, he was returned deputy for that place. The intendant, or ſteward of the

Biſhop, ſupplied him with what was neceſſary for his equipment, and for the expences of his journey to Paris. This venerable prelate was aſſaſſinated on the 2d of September, 1791, by the bloodhounds of the grateful Roberſpierre. During the firſt National Aſſembly he diſtinguiſhed himſelf by the virulence of his ſpeeches, and the republicaniſm of his principles. After its diſſolution he took the lead in the Jacobin Club, and aſſociated to himſelf the worthy Pethion as his colleague ; *par nobile fratrum !* During theſe laſt two years they have acted in ſtrict uniſon, and concerted together the downfal of the monarchy, and all its attendant crimes which have diſgraced the capital. Monſ. Roberſpierre was preſident of the Secret Committee of Jacobins, in whoſe fruitful womb was conceived the monſtrous ſcheme of involving their diſtant colonies, and all Europe in their ruin ; from whoſe ſavage den iſſued the emiſſaries of rebellion and atheiſm, who have laboured with an apoſtolic zeal to propagate their diabolical and deſtructive principles.

Who is there that has heard this modern republican encouraging his countrymen to feats of virtue, who does not admire the Roman dignity of his noble ſoul ? Who is there, that when the

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the report of recent maſſacres was made to the Club of Jacobins, heard him treat the tears of widows and orphans as criminal, and pronounce theſe ever-memorable words, *un peu du ſang de plus ne fait pas de mal*, and who does not rank him as ſuperior even to a Sylla? So well eſtabliſhed is his reputation at Paris, that all the privileged murderers are known by the appellation of *les chaſſeurs à la Roberſpierre.*

If, however, the cruelty of this man's character feels no diminution from a compariſon with that of his late aſſociate Monſ. Pethion, yet he is far inferior to his noble compeer in the art of hypocriſy. He, with manly fortitude, headed his troops in ſcenes of bloodſhed and plunder, the other remained concealed behind the curtain, but prompted with correctneſs and ability the ſublime acts of tragic miſchief. The one, however, who confronted danger claimed the greateſt ſhare of the profits, and the other contented himſelf with ſafety and moderate gains. But how brittle are human friendſhips, when even founded upon virtue! Brutus and Caſſius had their quarrel, and theſe two modern republicans are, alas, divided! After the bloody 10th of Auguſt, theſe great men had a diſpute upon the participation of the ſpoils (for Pethion is not a perfect Joſeph), and

and the breach has been conſiderably widened ſince the opening of the Convention. Monſ. Roberſpierre is accuſed of aiming at the Dictatorſhip, and Monſ. Pethion, worthy man! abhors ambition. What will be the iſſue of this quarrel, I am not endowed with any prophetic gift to enable me to foretel, but I am ſincere when I aſſure Monſ. Roberſpierre that I have that veneration for his character, that I am confident it would be highly beneficial for his country, if he was exalted higher than what he aſpires to.

CONDORCET.

Tria ſunt quie evertunt rempublicam immaturum conſilium, proprium commodum et occultum odium.

HOW often has the ſacred name of patriot been proſtituted of late; every demagogue who has enriched himſelf with the ſpoils of his fellow citizens, even the ariſtocrate who has ſacrificed his pride to the gratification of ſecret animoſity and private pique, has decorated himſelf with

with the glorious title. It behoves every one who feels the genuine flame to tear the maſk from theſe hypocrites, and expoſe the falſity of their pretenſions as an *amende honorable* to the inſulted Deity. Let us canvas the merits of this candidate, and judge from his actions, whether his patriotiſm was engendered by a true love of his country, or whether it is not the ſpurious offſpring of the *occultum odium?*

Monſieur Condorcet, before the abolition of titles, was diſtinguiſhed by that of Marquis; and during the two firſt years of the revolution, he took no active part, but was always conſidered as belonging to the ariſtocratic party. In June, 1790, he ſued for the place of governor to the Dauphin, but met with a refuſal; from this epoch we are to date his patriotiſm. He made application to the Jacobins to be enrolled as a member in their holy ſociety; but the ſuſpicion of ariſtocracy aſperſed his character, and he was at firſt refuſed admittance into their ſanctified temple. But what power has not female beauty. The charms of his wife pleaded for him with a Lameth, a Barnave, and other leading members; and the doors were opened to him at the prayers of this enchanting ſuitreſs. He was reſolved to prove himſelf worthy of the favour,

and

and has rouſed all his talents to diſſeminate their principles. He is the editor of a democratic print, intitled *la Cronique.* He was before the Revolution Secretary to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and had aſpired to literary fame, as author of the life of Monſieur de Voltaire, and ſome pamphlets of no ſpecial note. He is more celebrated for a retentive memory, than for ſplendid talents or profound learning. In his change of principles he has ſhewn juſtice, and has allowed to others that latitude of freedom in thought and action which he has himſelf adopted. When he was an ariſtocrate, he was diſtinguiſhed by the jealouſy of his temper, and was a noted Othello; but ſince he has become an advocate for the Rights of Man, and an enemy to any excluſive privileges, he has left his Deſdemona in the full enjoyment of all the Rights of Women.

He was with Briſſot Danton, and the other Jacobins in the Champ de Mars, in the famous month of July, during the laſt year. Though a firm friend to the ſyſtem of equality, as far as it extends to divide the property of his neighbour, but as he has not as yet totally ſhaken off his old prejudices, he has preferred lodging his ſhare of the ſpoil in the ariſtocratic Bank of England,

England, to truſting them to the diſpoſal of the mobocracy.

His exertions in the publick cauſe, had ſo efficaciouſly eraſed any ſuſpicion of his integrity; and the Jacobines were ſo well convinced of his devotion, that they procured him the honour of a ſeat in the National Convention.

MONSIEUR MARAT:

This is a ſlight unmeritable man, meet to be ſent on errands: only fit to eaſe ourſelves of divers ſlanderous loads.

HOW deſpicable is the tool of faction; I know a young ſenator in this country who might reap ſome uſeful leſſons by an attention to the preſent ſituation of France. He might learn how dangerous, in the preſent moment of political fanaticiſm, are all experiments of reform; he might learn, from the hypocriſy and the art with which the levellers in France have accompliſhed their object, to miſtruſt certain deſigning men in this country; and while he only wiſhes to re-

pair ſome breaches in our venerable manſion, not to lend his aſſiſtance to, and become the inſtrument of, thoſe who wiſh to ſhake its foundations; he may learn from the fate of many, who, with patriotic views, co-operated in the firſt revolution, with what caution he muſt tread the ſlippery heights of politics. I will not inſult a young man of property, of character, of talents (though he has been taught to over-rate them by ill-intentioned flatterers), a young man of; I truſt, pure intentions, by comparing him with the ſcavenger of the French Revolution; but from this worm he may extract an example—with what eaſe ambitious politicians can ſacrifice an aſſociate, when it becomes neceſſary to their purpoſes.

The member of the National Convention who is the immediate object of the attention of my readers, and who lately aſtoniſhed the Aſſembly by the farcical piſtol ſcene, has been for theſe laſt ten months one of the moſt active inſtigators of rebellion, and the moſt zealous of Monſ. Pethion's accomplices. That hypocrite, at preſent, thinks to clear himſelf of all the odium of the late maſſacres, by throwing the guilt on Monſ. Marat; and, like Pilate, wiſhes to waſh his hands of the bloody deeds.

I muſt

I muſt beg leave to recal to the memory of Monſ. Marat, a name which was once familiar to his ears; I mean that of Champion, which was the name he was known by during the firſt years of his life. Being accuſed unjuſtly, no doubt, of being concerned in the great forgeries which were made of the billets d'Eſcompte, upon their firſt eſtabliſhment by Monſ. Necker, he adopted the name of Marat, and took refuge from his perſecutors in England. He here obtained a livelihood by teaching the French language, and was employed in that capacity in a ſchool in London, and afterwards at Oxford. At the commencement of the French Revolution, he returned to Paris, and recommended himſelf to the notice of his countrymen, by writing a democratic paper, entitled, but miſcalled, *l'Ami du Peuple.* From the tendency of its principles, it might with juſtice have aſſumed the name of *L'Ennemie du Genre Humain.* We may judge of the merits of this paper; when, during the reign of anarchy and revolt, the author of it was nine times *decreté de priſe du Corps.* But the principles he diſtilled, were ſo flattering and pleaſing to the people, that the power of the mobocracy ſhielded him againſt the juſt ſeverity of the laws; and when in February 1790, the National Guards ſurrounded his houſe, to put the decree againſt him

him into execution, they were repelled by the Jacobin Janniſſaries. All the wild and inflammatory orations of Danton were embelliſhed and publiſhed by his friend Marat. When Pethion was elected Mayor of Paris, the audacity of Marat increaſed, from a ſecurity of protection; and though this conſummate hypocrite now rejects him, it is well known, that Marat, during theſe laſt bloody months, has been Pethion's moſt obſequious inſtrument. Every one knows how this precious life was lately expoſed by a ſuſpicion caſt on his patriotiſm; but if in his vindication, he had produced a rope inſtead of a piſtol, it might have been ominous, and ſuſpending himſelf he might have exclaimed to his aſſociates, *aſpicite finem.*

DANTON.

DANTON.

He was ſo very mean (meanneſs and pride
Still go together ſide by ſide)
That he would bow and cringe, be civil,
And hold a ſtirrup to the devil;
If in a journey to his mind,
He'd let him mount and ride behind.

THE proners of a perfect equality, have ſedulouſly endeavoured to repreſent the adverſaries of their alarming and chimerical doctrines, as men of the moſt ſervile diſpoſitions. This reproach may with equal juſtice be retorted on the courtiers of the mob. The mind truly elevated will ſcorn to flatter the vices and follies of princes, or to adminiſter to the licentiouſneſs, and feed the inſatiable appetites of an unbridled people. Meanneſs is the companion of adulation; and we ſhall find it as ſtrongly rooted in the breaſt of the intereſted demagogue, as in that of the ſordid ſycophant of courts. The perſonage I am at preſent to introduce, is a ſtrong evidence in ſupport of this reflection.

The

The father of the preſent Lord Chancellor of France was a butcher, (the ſon has conſiderably refined on the profeſſion) and by induſtry, acquired ſufficient fortune to enable young Danton to purſue the ſtudy of medicine. By the recommendation of the late unfortunate Princeſs de Lamballe*, he was appointed *Medecin extraordinaire des ecuries du Comte D'Artois*. He was always diſtinguiſhed by his cringing to men in power, and in common with many of the libellers of the nobility and princes, he was indebted for his exiſtence to their countenance and liberality. His profeſſional talents did not promiſe to raiſe him either to opulence or celebrity; he had the misfortune of looſing ſo many of his patients, that when any page or domeſtic of Comte D'Artois diſpleaſed him, he was accuſtomed to threaten him with the viſit of Danton. He was ſo abject in his mode of paying his court, that he frequently uſed to careſs and kiſs the horſes, which he ſaid had the happineſs to be the favourites of the Comte and Counteſs D'Artois; and never did he hear their

* He acquired the protection of the Princeſs de Lamballe, by marrying the neice of the maid of one of her *femmes de chambre*. Many perſons imagined that this unfortunate woman would have been reſcued by the influence of this wretch. But the ferocity of a tyger is eaſier to be appeaſed than that of a human brute who is ſteeped in blood.

names,

names pronounced before the 20th of June 1789, without taking off his hat, as a token of his reſpect. Theſe facts were ſo well known, as to have been proverbial at Verſailles. When the moment arrived that the Comte D'Artois could no longer ſerve him, like a true courtier, he abandoned his benefactor, and transferred his worſhip to the ruling mob. He is an inhabitant of the Section des Cordeliers (according to the new geography Section de Marſeilles); and though the people of this quarter are peculiarly diſtinguiſhed by their ignorance, and the rudeneſs of their manners, he obtained eminence amongſt them in Auguſt 1789, by the violence and ſedition of his ſpeeches. He is poſſeſſed of a fine voice and a clear delivery; and though his ſpeeches are deſtitute of common ſenſe, he never fails to attract the attention of the populace; as he flatters their paſſions, by inveighing againſt ſubordination, and exciting them to plunder. When any member in the late National Aſſembly, pronounced with a good delivery an harangue, void of eloquence or logic; Mirabeau uſed to exclaim, *ecoutez l'eloquence du Danton.*

In all the popular commotions, which have for four years diſgraced Paris, Danton was the moſt active inſtigator of the crimes perpetrated by

by the people, and puſhed them on to pillage and murders. The Hotel de Caſtries in October 1789, the Champ de Mars in laſt July, have been ſeverally the theatres of his exertions, and bear ample teſtimony to the zeal and virtue of his patriotiſm. His labours procured him the eſteem of the members of the Club des Cordeliers, and they frequently conferred on him the honour of ſeating him in the preſident's chair. The Club des Cordeliers, though inferior to that of the Jacobins in art and abilities, if poſſible, ranks above it in the malice and wickedneſs of its principles. An extract from the ſpeech he delivered to the people in the Champ de Mars, will give us ſome idea of his eloquence as an orator, and of his virtues as a man.

"We are twenty-five millions of Frenchmen, and conſequently have fifty millions of hands, armed with ſwords and poniards; let us ſend ſix millions of men to Germany, three millions to Italy and Spain, three millions to Ruſſia and the north of Europe; but before all things, to get money to pay our brothers and ſiſters going abroad, let us ſend four millions to England, to take poſſeſſion of the bank of London. The nine millions of people remaining, are ſufficient to cultivate the country and to deſtroy Louis XVI.

XVI. his family, the National Aſſembly, and all other conſtituted authorities as ariſtocratical. Let us do this, and in a year all Europe will acknowledge the ſovereignty of the French nation. As to new laws, the French people know how to govern without them; and if occaſion ſhould preſent itſelf, when laws ſhould be wanted, let the people make them on every different occaſion."

It was for this ſpeech, that he was *décreté de preſe de Corps*, in July 1791, and was obliged to conceal himſelf until the general amneſty, which was paſſed on the King's acceptation of the Conſtitution in September laſt. Such is the man who is to be one of the judges of his king, and one of the legiſlators for his country! Unhappy king, unhappy country *!

* This character appeared in "The Times." It was my original intention to have communicated, through that channel, theſe ſketches to the publick. But as my only view in this publication is to warn this country not to receive theſe ſerpents in its boſom, when the avenging hand of juſtice ſhall diſperſe them (like ſo many Cains) on the earth I thought this object would be better accompliſhed by expoſing the entire group at one view.

GORSAS.

Un ſot ſe trouve quelquefois élevé a des dignités conſidérables; cela arrive lorſque la fortune veut badiner, et cette envie lui prend, aſſez ſouvent.

LEST any of my readers ſhould imagine that, in relating the life of Monſ. Gorſas, I have borrowed a chapter from *Le Sage*, it is neceſſary to remind them that I am writing of men who live in a country in which crimes conſtitute merit, and in which impiety and marked infamy are the ſtrongeſt recommendations to honors and pre-eminence. Nature beſtowed no ſignal marks of her favour on this child of fortune, and he, at firſt, ſeemed deſtined only to grace the liſts of the executioner, and to deſcend to poſterity in the hiſtory of the *Cauſes celebres*. But the miſapplied indulgence of government preſerved a life forfeited to ſociety; and his regenerated countrymen have enrolled him amongſt the other great luminaries of their republick.

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The father of this virtuous legiſlator kept a day ſchool at Verſailles, and when arrived at the age of infirmity he ceded the care and emoluments of it to this his elder ſon, upon condition of being decently maintained by him during his few remaining years. This unnatural ſon had not been three months in the place his father yielded him, before his ill uſage of this aged parent became ſo notorious as to draw on him the reprimand of the police; but the warning of law is feeble in the mind, in which the feelings of nature are extinct. Very ſhortly after, during the time of dinner, young Gorſas gave his father a blow on the head with a bottle, which put a period to his exiſtence. The parricide was tried, and condemned to expire on the wheel. The criminal had a brother who was groom to the Duke of Polignac, and by the interceſſion of this nobleman, the ſentence of death was changed into a condemnation to the gallies for life. He remained in this ſituation until the year 1788, when the ambaſſadors from Tippoo Sultan paſſing through Toulouſe, he found an opportunity to preſent them a petition, praying them to obtain his enlargement. Through their interceſſion he obtained his releaſe, upon condition he did not approach within forty leagues of Verſailles. When the Revolution of 1789 took place he

found honourable employment for his talents, and, conſidering the prohibition of government to be no longer of any weight, he arrived at Paris. The ſervices of men of his deſcription being neceſſary for the execution of the projects of Monſ. Egalite and his faction, Gorſas aſſembled many of his old friends from the gallies, and conſtituted himſelf their chief. But notwithſtanding the diſorders which then prevailed, ſome appearance of juſtice was maintained, and the *ſans culottes* had not arrived at ſovereign ſway. Two of his gang being executed in October, 1789, for having hanged a baker who had the ariſtocracy to refuſe them his loaves gratis, Monſ. Gorſas thought it prudent to abandon his honourable but dangerous command. To promote, however, as far as his abilities would permit him, the glorious cauſe he had eſpouſed, and at the ſame time to procure himſelf a dinner, (for, alas! the greateſt men feel the imfirmities of nature), he undertook to publiſh and diſtribute libels. Having, by a year's practice, become an accompliſhed writer, he favoured his country with his political lucubrations, by means of a news-paper, which he firſt publiſhed in February, 1790, under the title of *Le Courier des LXXXIII. Departments*, but better known by the name of *Le Journal Galerien*. This journal breathing the moſt

moſt rebellious principles, in a ſtyle the beſt adapted to the underſtandings of the mobocrates, has cauſed greater miſchief than any of the other incendiary publications. The flowers of rhetoric which he had culled in the gallies, charmed, as with a ſpell, the inhabitants of *la Halle* and of the *Palais Royal.*

In ſpite of all his merits, this illuſtrious character was not raiſed to the dignity of a Jacobin till within theſe few months. After having ſufficiently qualified himſelf, as he thought, for this honour, he became a candidate for it laſt year. But though he proved that he poſſeſſed the requiſite qualities for admiſſion into this *enlightened ſociety*, he was unaccountably rejected. A few months ago he threatened to proſcribe them in his Journal, if they remained obſtinate in their refuſal of him, and yielding to his menaces, they dubbed him a *knight* of the *bloody order.*

We do not wiſh to withhold praiſe when it is due, and we muſt allow that in his day of greatneſs he did not forget his former ſituation. We record it therefore to his honor, that it was he, who, in laſt May, threw Paris into a ſtate of fermentation, by cauſing a ſubſcription to be raiſed for the Galeriens of the Chateauvieux from Breſt.

The

The Jacobins made his Journal the tocſin of ſedition and murder; and all the accuſations which malice and rebellion forged againſt the king, his miniſters, his generals, and many of the members of the National Aſſembly flowed through this corrupted channel. We read with horror of that ſanguinary triumvirate, which, ſitting in judgment on their fellow citizens, doomed to death every man who had diſpleaſed them. But what indignation riſes in our boſoms when we behold a triumvirate of wretched journaliſts, a Carra, a Marrat, a Gorſas, proſcribing in their bloody tablets, and devoting to deſtruction every citizen of property, rank, or virtue! What will be the admiration of poſterity for this boaſted republick, when it reads that a galley ſlave has, with a ſtroke of his pen, ſigned the condemnation of thouſands of his countrymen? And the monſter yet breathes, breathes did I ſay! His blood-ſtained brows are encircled with civic garlands, he is placed among the legiſlators of the nation, to dictate laws to his *regenerated* country!

CARRA COGNOMINE NOTUS SERURE.

Man ſmiles in ruin, glories in his guilt,
And infamy ſtands candidate for praiſe.

AM I then doomed to wade through this orgean ſtable, without one ray of virtue appearing to cheer me in my dreary courſe? Am I ſtill to afflict my readers with the gloomy picture of crimes and infamy? Who in future times will believe that the Convention of a nation, the fame of whoſe grandeur and urbanity has, for fourteen centuries, filled the four corners of the world, was compoſed of men branded with indelible marks of turpitude, of men recalled from a ſhameful exile. But the Chriſtian who views events with the unclouded eye of faith, will acknowledge in the fate of this unhappy country, the wrathful hand of Providence weighing upon a race, who, in the corruption and perverſeneſs of their hearts, have exclaimed, *there is no God!* The Chriſtian will behold in the monſters who ſcourge and deſolate France the inſtruments of

ſcourge

divine vengeance. While we contemplate with awe this terrible example, may we liſten to its admonitions! From the wrecks of the throne let princes learn to confound impiety and irreligion, enemies of all government—and to reſt their own ſecurity on the happineſs and virtue of their ſubjects! From the dire calamities of anarchy, let the people learn to avoid civil ſtrife by a love of order, and a due reſpect to the laws. Authority muſt exiſt ſomewhere, and generally in times of confuſion, its falls into bad hands. The reaſon is obvious, virtue, ever hateful to conſpiracy, is perſecuted; timid merit ſhrinks from ſcenes of buſtle and commotion, while bold and deſperate vice ſeiſes with unhallowed hands upon the reins. I have already produced as witneſſes, a Pethion, a Briſſot, a Roberſpierre, a Gorſas; in addition to their teſtimony, I have here another faithful evidence! Come forth, thou precious Son of Miſchief!

Monſ. Carra, Editor of *Les Annales Politiques*, *Jacobin* and member of the National Convention, was born at Macoa, in Burgundy, and received his education from the care of an uncle, a pious jeſuit. When he attained the age of eighteen he felt himſelf inſpired with the ideas of equality and of the Rights of Man, and in company with two couſins broke open the ſhop

of

of a milliner, which he ſtript of money and of merchandize. But this was in the year 1758, when his principles were not ſo well underſtood, and being arreſted, and ſome of the goods found upon him, he was condemned to the gallows. Some perſons of rank, however, interfering, through conſideration to the character and virtue of his uncle, he was ſentenced to two years impriſonment, and at the expiration of the term to perpetual baniſhment. The author of a paper called *La Feuille du Jour* wiſhing to eternize the fame of his countryman; printed in February laſt the *Procés Verbal* of this tranſaction, and our hero, with the modeſty of bluſhing merit, conſtrained to admit the fact; ſays, that he is not intitled to the praiſe beſtowed upon him, as he was only 16 and not 18, when he atchieved his firſt civic exploit. Homer diſtinguiſhes his heroes by ſome appropriate epithet, expreſſive of their talents and qualities; and the ſages and warriors of the Grecian republic were diſtinguiſhed by ſurnames; in France therefore where all hereditary titles are *juſtly* aboliſhed, and honourable diſtinctions conferred upon *virtue ſolely:* the countrymen of Monſ. Carra have honoured him with the appellation of *Carra Serrure*, in alluſion, no doubt, to his ſkill in picking of locks.

Monſ. Serrure exiled from France, choſe Vienna as the place of his retreat. He obtained a livelihood for ſome years by teaching of languages, and attended a young Comteſs of Hardeck in that capacity. Happening, however, to take a liking to a gold watch belonging to his pupil, he made free to borrow it, but his fair ſcholar had the ill-nature to demand it rather peremptorily, and he found it prudent to take a French leave of Vienna. Once more a free citizen of the world, he adopted Pruſſia for his country, and made Berlin the ſeat of his reſidence during the remainder of his exile. In this court he rendered himſelf uſeful, by acting as *clair voyant*, (vulgarly called a ſpy) on the ambaſſadors from France and Vienna, and he received for theſe honorable ſervices a ſalary to enable him to exiſt.

In 1789 he came to Paris, and from his conduct it has been imagined that he ſtill felt the bounty of the Pruſſian Court. The jealouſies which exiſted between that cabinet, and the one of Auſtria are well known, and Monſ. Serrure on his firſt arrival at Paris directed all his phillippics againſt the Queen of France and the Houſe of Auſtria; and in all his ſpeeches and writings endeavoured to perſuade the National Aſſembly

to

to make an alliance with Pruſſia, and to declare war againſt Auſtria in ſupport of the Turks.

He was early admitted a member of the Jacobin Club, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf as an enragé. He was preſident of the club when Meſſ. Watt's and Cooper, the Mancheſter Ambaſſadors came to preſent their homage; and when Serrure received their credentials he did them the honor to fold them in his arms, and hail them with the *kiſs of peace*.

I leave it to abler politicians than I pretend to be to reconcile with the republicaniſm of this patriot, the propoſition he made of tendering the Crown of France to the Duke of York. God forbid that a Prince of the Houſe of Brunſwick ſhould wear a diadem, which he does not lawfully inherit, or hold, (by the moſt virtuous of all tenures) the free choice of a united people.

The preſent, Monſ. Serrure made in Auguſt laſt to the National Aſſembly of a gold ſnuff box, given to him by the King of Pruſſia has excited much converſation. I have heard ſome admire the affability of the King of Pruſſia, in beſtowing ſo ſignal a mark of his favour on a penſioned ſpy, others have conſidered the parting with

it as indelicate, and the effect of revenge for a forfeited penſion. I muſt beg leave to amend the errors, a ſmall miſtake of Monſ. Serrure's has occaſioned. This famous gold ſnuff box was preſented by the King of Pruſſia to Monſ. Montmorin upon the adjuſtment of the broils in Holland, and Monſ. Montmorin had it in his pocket upon the 2d of Auguſt the day he was aſſaſſinated at Paris. This fact I aſſert on the authority of a relation of Monſ. Montmorin's, at preſent in England. In what manner Monſ. Serrure came by it he beſt can tell; however, his imagination when ſacrificing in a paroxyſm of patriotiſm the ſpoils of royalty may have betrayed him. His offering was well received, and he has been rewarded with a ſeat in the Convention! What fate his king is to expect from him, what benefits his country has to look for from his virtues, the ſhort ſketch I have given of his life will beſt vouch for.

MONS.

MONSIEUR CHABOT CAPUCIN INDIGNE*.

D'un Pretre Mathan eſt la le langage?

WITH what malignity have the enemies of the altar expoſed the weakneſſes, and heightened the follies of its miniſters; with what induſtry and art have the apoſtles of philoſophy and atheiſm riviled and ſtigmatized religion itſelf on account of the exceſſes of ſome of its ſtrayed children. With what eloquence did theſe ſcandalized laymen in the tranſports of holy zeal deſcant on the diſorders of churchmen. But mark the ſincerity of their hearts, mark the purity of their views; ſee with what edification they have operated the reforms they ſo loudly called for.

* A canting child of St. Francis, having written to a nobleman for his protection and ſigning himſelf in the ſtyle uſed by his Brethren. Capucin Indigne, received this laconic anſwer: " De quoi diable etes vons digne, ſi vous n'eteſt pas digne d'etre Capucin, Monſieur Chabot, has explained it to him, he is worthy to be a member of the French National Convention.

The

The biſhops and venerable prelates (the unanimity of whoſe profeſſion of faith would have added luſtre to happier days) were arbitrarily and illegally depoſed; the paſtors who remained attached to their faith, were ſuſpended and driven from their charges, and their livelihood*; the churches were ſhut to all but jurors; the

* Theſe martyrs (whoſe conſtancy is admired even by thoſe who condemn their religious tenets) have been with as much cruelty has falſehood repreſented as ſeditious intriguers. It is very well known that they have preached ſubmiſſion to the conſtitution: that they willingly ſubſcribed to the oath, at far as it implied their acquieſcence to the temporal regulations; but was it ſedition to refuſe an oath to pronounce which their conſciences dictated to them, would be perjury?

But why ſhould I attempt their vindication, they have found an aſylum among a people who conſider facts, and are not faſcinated by the ſophiſtical declamations of a Briſſot, or a Condorcet; the meekneſs, the humility, the virtue, of ſo many hundreds who cover this iſland ſpeak eloquently for them, and reduce to ſilence all the glittering aſſertions of French orators. With what pride, with what exultation do I reflect on the conduct of my countrymen! They, diſregarding all narrow prejudices, all religious and political diſtinctions, have opened their boſoms to the afflicted and oppreſſed! Who does not feel himſelf ennobled by being an Engliſhman? May the philanthropy, the generoſity, of this country, draw on it the bleſſings of Heaven, the enjoyments of peace and tranquillity!

cloiſters

cloiſters of virgins have been aſſailed*; and the pious inhabitants of them ſtript of their property, thrown helpleſs and abandoned on the ſurface of a ſtrange and inhoſpitable world. Conſtancy, virtue, and piety, have been perſecuted, immolated, and banniſhed; apoſtacy, perjury, and immorality, have been ſtimulated, rewarded, and crowned; a Rochefoucauld has been obliged to ſhelter hoary virtue in a foreign country, and a Chabot, adding ſacrilegious perjury to a long catalogue of crimes, is ſeated in the auguſt council of the nation.

The father of this Capucin was a baker, but not being in eaſy circumſtances, a brother of his, an attorney, undertook to educate and ſettle

* I will not wound the delicacy of my readers, and raiſe the bluſh of humanity by the mention of brutalities, the thought of which freezes my blood. One fact, however, I muſt notice, the leaſt of the many cruelties exerciſed on theſe innocent victims. At the turning out of a convent at Rouen in Normandy, four Engliſh ladies, who had ſaved from the general robbery 22 louis d'ors to convey them to their mother country, were ſtopped at the gates by the municipal officer, ſearhed and ſtript of the ſmall proviſion they had made for their journey. After many hardſhips they arrived in this town on Saturday the 6th inſtant. They are ladies of family, two of them are the daughters of noblemen.

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in life the young Chabot. He was ſent to a college belonging to the Jeſuits, and, at the age of nineteen having completed his ſtudies, his uncle, who had lately married a widow of 36, took him into his own houſe. No crime is repugnant to the heart callous to the impulſe of gratitude; and young Chabot, to recompenſe the guardian of his youth, debauched his wife, and eloped with her to Bourdeaux. He had not been long in this city before he received the news that his ingratitude had ſent his uncle and his benefactor to his grave. The happy couple, in order to conceal their criminal intercourſe, returned by different roads to Paris; and the ingenious widow, in order to enjoy, unmoleſted, the company of her paramour, brought home a daughter ſhe had by a former huſband, and whom ſhe ſaid ſhe deſtined to be the bride of Chabot. By this ſtratagem ſhe hoped to enjoy the viſits of her gallant, free from the prying eye of curioſity, and the ſneering whiſper of goſſips. But, alas! how dangerous is temptation to the moſt virtuous; ſome are too ſtrong for fleſh and blood; and the ripening beauties of fifteen, effaced in the ſuſceptible heart of our falſe Lothario, the mellow charms of thirty-ſix. That perſuaſive eloquence which had wheedled the mother, was employed to woo the too frail daughter; who,

taught

taught to conſider Monſieur Chabot as her future huſband, permitted him to anticipate his rights, and fled with him from her home. The widow, frantic with remorſe, jealouſy, love, and deſpair, put an end to her exiſtence, leaving a letter appriſing her unfortunate daughter of her melancholy hiſtory. The unhappy girl, ſtruck with horror and repentance, flew from her betrayer, and taking the veil in a convent of Carmelites, by the exerciſe of their rigid duties, expiated her criminal indiſcretion. The tears of our Abelard * were ſoon dried, and he met with conſolation in the arms of another beauty. A Madame Droits having provided herſelf with 15,000 louis d'ors, the property of her huſband, left him to accompany Monſieur Chabot to Spain, which he imagined would offer him a more ſafe and tranquil retreat than he could meet with in his own country. The huſband of this Cyprean votary was in his 60th year, and had been induced, by real love, to tie the hymenial knot, but the conduct of his dulcinea converted

* The fate of theſe two lover's is in one inſtance exactly ſimilar. An accident has lately reduced one to the ſituatioo, the other experienced from ths cruelty of an enraged uncle. The misfortune of Monſieur Chabot is an advantage to his country, as he will not be ſo much diverted from the frigid duties of a politician.

his paſſion into the oppoſite one of hatred; and, in order to marr her pleaſures, and revenge himſelf, he offered a 1000 louis d'ors as a reward to any one who would find the means of bringing her home.

The amorous pair were at this time at Bilboe, and the captain of a veſſel trading to Bourdeaux, knowing that Chabot had diſſipated the loan his miſtreſs had procured him, propoſed to him to deliver her up as a means of recruiting his finances. Chabot approved of the ſcheme; and having previouſly written to France, it was agreed between him and the captain, that on the eve of the departure of the veſſel, he ſhould bring his frail fair on board, under pretence of dining there, and then abandon her. The cruel Chabot was punctual to his appointment; but, lo, during dinner, the veſſel was ſet afloat, and Monſieur Chabot found himſelf outwitted by the captain. On their arrival at Bourdeaux Madame Droits was ſent to ruminate on her follies in the gloom of a monaſtry; Monſieur Chabot was lodged in a priſon, and the captain put the 1000 louis d'ors in his pocket. A capucin friar who attended the priſon, in which Chabot was confined, endeavoured to ſoothe his mind, and draw it to a ſenſe of religion. The ſinner, weary

weary of his priſon, promiſed, in caſe he was releaſed, to take holy orders in the convent of his comforter. The diſciple of St. Francis having exerted himſelf with ſucceſs, Chabot was enlarged, and entering into the humble cell of religion, he paſſed his term of probation, and became a religious of the order of St. Francis. He now appeared as a capucin until the year 1788, when throwing aſide the coarſe habit of religion, he aſſumed the paraphernalia of a ſoldier, and was appointed to the command of a company of National Guards. He had no opportunity of ſhining in his military capacity, for his good friend the Abbe Gregoire being appointed conſtitutional biſhop of Blois, our Proteus re-aſſumed the eccleſiaſtical dreſs, and acted as chaplain to the venerable prelate. That great patriot (the Abbé Gregoire) at the cloſe of the Conſtituent Aſſembly, wiſhing to continue to his country the benefit of his talents and inſtructions, had his worthy chaplain elected into the ſecond National Aſſembly, who became the organ of his mild and peaceable doctrines. The abilities of this late miniſter of religion, were very ſerviceably employed in the eſtabliſhment of the Jacobin monarchy.

On the 9th of Auguſt, he went from ſection to ſection, exciting the people to tumultuous aſſemblies; and, in the dead of night, cauſing the alarum bell to be rung, it was he who tolled the knell of royalty. He is a member of the National Convention, and as the dæmon of diſcord has already divided the gang into two parties* *(les philoſophes et les voleurs)*, it is not difficult to tell under which of the banners our capucin will inliſt, as it has been whiſpered that he has an itching palm.

* The breach daily widens, and if the combined armies delay their march until next Spring, we ſhall ſee France, like a frantick tearing his own body, deluged in the blood of her citizens. The hypocretical Pethion, wiſhing to enjoy the fruits of his crimes in ſecurity, trembles at the power of the banditties himſelf created; while the gloomy Roberſpierre liſtening, with a ghaſtly ſmile, to the invectives of his accuſers, ſends forth his truſty Marat to ſummon all their bands, and "Crying havoc, to let ſlip the dogs of war." From the pen of Monſieur Peltier, juſtly diſtinguiſhed for his courageous exertions in the cauſe of humanity, and for his elegant writings, we are to be favoured with the ſcenes acting in France; the repreſentation will be terrible, but they may make the moſt ſalutary impreſſions.

MONSIEUR

DUMOURIER,

A l'entendre parler de querre,
Il detruit comme le tonnerre,
Les Cours, Montagnes et Valons,
Attiquez le par avanture,
Vous verrez que comme Mercure,
Il a des ailes aux Talons,

THE late illuſtrious Lord Chatham has immortalized the name of Clive, by ſtyling him a Heaven-born-general; with how much more juſtice and propriety may this epithet be beſtowed on the Agamemnon of France. Ignorant of the intricate art of war, unacquainted even with the military exerciſe, having never commanded 50 men, we behold him the leader of armed hoſts, and having with the ſkill of a Fabius made a glorious retreat of his whole army, *before* 1,500 *Auſtrians*, he tells us, that he ſhall lead his *hardy* and *diſciplined* veterans to the very capital of his enemies.

Who

Who is there, who is not ſtruck with admiration, and who does not recognize in him a ſupernatural gift? I ſhall leave it to ſome newborn Homer, or to Mr. Merry, to celebrate his military exploits! I muſt confine myſelf to a more humble narrative.

If the cabinet of Verſailles has been juſtly reproached for its conſtant and miſchievous interference in the politicks of all other courts, its ſuperior talents for intrigue have been univerſally acknowledged. Independent of the repreſentatives of the ſovereign, great ſums * were laviſhed for the maintenance of perſons of abilities

* I am always ready to admit the abuſes exiſting in courts, and would as readily concur to remedy them. But it will be of little avail if ſaved from the fury of the lion, we become a prey to the wolf in ſheep's ſkin: the ſame principle, therefore, by which I condemn the ſquandering of the public treaſure in the ſupport of ſpies, forces me to condemn even more highly that faction, which, ſeizing upon private property, has drained its country of all its ſpecie to ſupport, throughout all Europe, the agents of anarchy and rebellion. The ſame principle which leads me to oppoſe the encroachments of power, calls on me to endeavour to repell the rude attacks of faction. I hope never to be ſeduced by the glaring eloquence of a miniſter, nor to be miſled by the falſe logic and intemperate ſallies of a ſelf-intereſted demagouge.

and

and inſinuating addreſs, who were denominated *clairvoyants*. To the latter claſs Monſ. Dumourier belonged; and, as the term ſpy is beſtowed on political agents without any public or acknowledged character, however odious or impolite it may ſound, in the ears of the French warrior, hiſtorical veracity obliges me to apply it to him. He has been employed in that capacity in the ſeveral courts of Ruſſia, Poland, Germany, Holland, and England. Maurepas was the miniſter who firſt noticed his talents in this line, and who brought them into action.

He preſented him with the brevet of a captain of infantry, in order to facilitate his introduction at the different courts, it might be neceſſary to ſend him to. The firſt important buſineſs the captain was employed in, was the revolt of Pugatchief againſt the Empreſs of Ruſſia. He was very active in fomenting this revolution, and encouraging with flattering promiſes its chief; but upon the concluſion of the war with the Turks when Pugatchief could no longer be of ſervice to the intereſt of France, he was abandoned to his fate. At the beginning of the reign of the preſent King of Poland, and during the arraingment of the partition treaty, Monſieur Dumourier was allotted a conſiderable part, and promoted

promoted with ability the views of his court. In Poland he aſſumed various characters, and appeared in the different ſhapes of an abbé, a friar, and a pilgrim. During the peaceable years of 1777 and 1778, our ſpy reſided in different courts of Germany, and leaſt his talents ſhould grow blunt by inactivity, he kept a watchful eye on the perſons employed by his court, many of whom were diſgraced by the reports he made to the miniſter of their miſconduct and inattention.

We remember, though without any ſentiments of animoſity or revenge, that in the year 1780, when England was ſinking under the preſſure of many calamities, when ſtruggling abroad with combined nations, and diſtreſſed at home by a violent faction and a weak unfortunate adminiſtration; in that unhappy time many French emmiſſaries were employed in the capital to work the completion of our ruin by means of intrigue and the diſtribution of money. Monſieur Dumourier was that year in London, under the name of L'Abbé Saint Fois, and was a perſecuted clergyman, exiled his home for having publiſhed a book intitled, *La folie de la France d'aſſiſter des Rebelles.* I cannot tell what were his views, but certainly the cloath he then wore

creates

creates ſuſpicion. As ſcenes of confuſion and broils ſeem always to have attracted him, we find him in the years 1785, 1786, and 1787 in Holland, buſy in ſowing the ſeeds of diſſention, and adding fuel to rebellion. He was the confidential counſellor to the Rehngrave of Salm, commander in chief of the patriot forces; and it was, we may ſuppoſe, from that renowned general, that he has imbibed his military knowledge.

It is a fact, worthy of remark, that Monſieur Dumourier was in Amſterdam on the 11th of October 1787, when the duke of Brunſwick entered that town; who having given orders to have him arreſted, he was then very nigh becoming the duke's priſoner. It would not be a matter of ſurpriſe to me, if Providence only granted him a reprieve; he himſelf has expreſſed a deſire of paſſing the winter at Bruſſels, and as I harbour no perſonal ill-will to him, I ſhould be happy to ſee him indulged in his wiſhes. At the termination of the diſſenſions in Holland, to reward him for his labour, and to afford him a place of retirement, Monſieur Dumourier was named by the miniſter, *Major de Place*, at Cherbourg. This employment was the height he arrived to in his mili-

tary career. His turbulent mind could not long lay dormant; and, in the very commencement of the Revolution in his own country, it found full ſcope for his exertions; on the firſt inſtitution of the ſociety of Jacobins at Paris, they ſent miſſioners into all the towns through France, to form ſimilar eſtabliſhments, which were to correſpond with the Committee at Paris, and to co-operate with it in the execution of their great deſigns. Monſieur Dumourier became the founder of the club at Cherbourg; and to recompenſe his zeal, the Jacobin intereſt had him named a Marechal de Camp. When the intrigues and clamours of the Jacobins threw all France into confuſion, by a daily change of miniſters, when in the month of laſt March the National Aſſembly ſent Monſieur de Leſſarts to the priſon at Orleans; the unfortunate King, ever actuated by a wiſh of reſtoring tranquillity to his diſtracted country, ſelected his miniſters from the Jacobin den, and Monſieur Dumourier was appointed miniſter for the foreign department.

By the advice of this council, Lewis declared war againſt his nephew the preſent Emperor of Germany. I ſhall not pretend to diſcuſs the juſtice or injuſtice, the policy or impolicy, of this

this war; but my reader will permit me one remark, which is dictated to me by the wrongs of a perſecuted king; and will, I hope, be found conſonant to truth and reaſon. At the moment Lewis announced to the National Aſſembly his intention to declare war againſt the King of Hungary, this declaration was received with re-echoed applauſe, and Lewis was greeted with the title of King of the People. When the nation was plunged in the war itſelf ſolicited, when blood was ſpilt, then all tongues became clamarous with rebellion, and branded the unfortunate monarch as a traitor and rebel. Monſier Dumourier, the adviſer and inſtigator of this war, is crowned with civic honours, and raiſed to the chief command. His ſovereign is loaded with chains, and this war forms one of the articles of accuſation on which is to be built an impious trial,

I have conducted my hero to the ſtation he at preſent holds, and in which I make no doubt he will eſſentially ſerve his country: for, however great his ignorance is in the ſcience of war, he has abilities to ſupply it; and having appeared with *eclat* in the different characters of an abbé, a pilgrim, a friar, a major de place, a jacobin, and a miniſter of ſtate;

why ſhould we doubt of his ſucceſs as a general: When his merits are maturely weighed, I hope I ſhall be acquitted of any unjuſt partiality in ranking him among the twelve apoſtles of the new religion; ſome wiſe politicians who pretend to ſee far, and to pierce into the hearts of men, have aſſerted that Agamemnon is playing what they call a deep game, and that his violence is the cloak of art; I ſcorn the ſuſpicion, but ſhould ſuch an event take place, all that can be ſaid is, that even the Jacobin Apoſtles have had their Judas.

MERLIN.

MERLIN.

Though laſt not leaſt.

FEAR not, gentle Merlin, that any ignoble ſentiment ſhall induce me to hide your merits from the world; fear not, that I ſhall permit your civic actions to be buried in oblivion. Sated in that illuſtrious ſenate, whoſe fame ſhall be celebrated in ages yet to come; the patriotic accuſer of his father, has a title to our peculiar veneration; and his late motion for the impriſonment and immediate trial of his Sovereign, ranks him high among

" The choice and maſter ſpirits of this age."

Monſ. Merlin, was born at Thionville; and being deſtined for an eccleſiaſtic, he aſſumed and wore for ſome time, the dreſs of an Abbe. But his diſpoſitions were very oppoſite to thoſe neceſſary for a clerical ſtate, and ſome youthful frolicks having expoſed him to the danger of being ſent to a houſe of correction, he made a pre-

precipitate retreat from his father's manſion; and fled to Paris. Deſtitute of money and reſources, he was reduced to miſery, and to ſupport himſelf, he entered in the capacity of an under uſher in a ſchool in the Fauxbourg of St. Antoine. He paſſed three years in obſcure drudgery, but becoming weary of his ſituation, he endeavoured to work upon the goodneſs of his father, and ſolicited his permiſſion to return to Thionville. The indulgent parent received his prodigal, and propoſed to eſtabliſh him, by marrying him to the only child of a wealthy citizen. Young Merlin conſented, but the charms of the young lady's perſon not having the ſame influence upon his heart as thoſe of her portion; he wiſhed to enjoy the one free from all incumbrance, and the eve of the day appointed for the wedding, he diſappeared with his bride's dower, leaving the forlorn maiden to weep over his treachery, and his father to refund 30,000 livres. He now made his appearance at the German Spa; and, fluſhed with caſh, was a welcome viſitor to the dealers of Faro. He had lately deceived a fair virgin, and Fortune to revenge inſulted Hymen, completely jilted him in his courtſhip to her. In a few weeks all his louis d'ors ſunk in the vortex of Faro. He was lodged at Spa, at the hotel *du Loup*, known to many of

my

my countrymen, for the goodneſs of its cook, the civility of its hoſteſs, and the charms of her fair daughters. The chamber next to his, was inhabited by a Holland lady, Madame la Baronne de Van der Berg, and Monſ. Merlin thought that Dutch ducats might prove very good ſubſtitutes for French livres. One morning, therefore, when the Baronneſs had gone to dine at Chaud Fontagne, about twenty miles from Spa, he broke open the door of her apartment, and paid a viſit to her ſtrong box, which was not as well furniſhed as he expected. Sixty pitiful louis d'ors were all the contents; he, however, had too much humility to deſpiſe them, and pocketing his diſappointment, he borrowed a horſe in order to take a ſhort ride, but changing his mind, he extended it to France.

He firſt went to Nancy, where not meeting with the owner of the horſe, he ſold it; his ſtay at Nancy was but ſhort, and he paid a ſecond viſit to the great and gay capital. His ſlender finances were ſoon exhauſted by riot and diſſipation, and reduced once more into the abyſs of want, he looked with a longing eye to the peaceable dwelling of his father. The feelings of the parent were awakened by the tears of diſtreſs;

and

and he reſtored his affection to young Merlin, on condition of his eſpouſing the lady he had before propoſed for him, who having the good-nature to forgive his former conduct, the nuptials were immediately celebrated. He paſſed ſome years without affording to the biographer any act of notoriety; nor did he appear on the political ſtage until the ſecond National Aſſembly, to which he was returned a member. The Jacobin club diſcovered his merits, and placed him among the *elect*; and he has worked with zeal and aſſiduity to promote their ſchemes. It would require the eloquence of a Gibbon, to render juſtice to his patriotiſm; I ought to borrow the animated pen of a Robinſon, to record the heroic virtue which he diſplayed in November 1791, when deaf to every feeling but that of patriotiſm, he denounced, as a feiulliant, his aged parent, whoſe indulgence and mercy he had ſo often experienced, and made a motion for his accuſation. The National Aſſembly, liſtening, we ſuppoſe, to vulgar prejudices, refuſed to paſs the decree; but the Jacobins ſingled out this pious ſon, as a perſon the beſt qualified to open the bloody buſineſs they wiſhed to execute. He acquitted himſelf of his taſk with ability, and though in his attempt on his ſovereign's life, he

ſhould

ſhould not meet with more ſucceſs than he experienced in the one on his father's; we do juſtice to his intention, and in the liſts of parricides and regicides, Merlin's name ſhall be enrolled with diſtinguiſhed honour.

Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudeſque manebunt.

CONCLUSION.

IT is not from want of time or materials, or from indolence of temper, that I have reduced the hiſtorical ſketches of the eminent men this day in France to their twelve apoſtles; I thought that men ſo glorioufly diſtinguiſhed merited the honour of being repreſented in one frame. The lives of all the ſaints and miſſionaries of the new church would fill volumes, and it would require the aſtoniſhing induſtry and uncommon talents of the late biographer Mr. Butler, to execute with juſtice ſo heavy a taſk. But in the virtues of many of its diſciples, I ſhall find themes to excite the edification of my countrymen; the chaſtity of a Manuel, the piety of the holy biſhop of Calvados, the faith of a le Brun, the civil and military qualities of a Sanſterre, a le Page, a Biron, a Killerman, &c. &c. &c. afford objects of panegyric to cheer the approaching gloom of November. In my peaceable cell I will paſs my morning and my evening hours in meditating on their virtues, and in ſinging their praiſes.

Many,

Many, no doubt, will conſider as an effect of preſumption, the attempt I have made to celebrate the great men, whoſe hiſtories I have juſt written; but though they certainly merit the talents of a more able and experienced biographer, I have the advantage, to have had opportunities of becoming acquainted with their merits, which others better qualified for the taſk than I am, do not poſſeſs.—I ſhall diſarm the ſeverity of criticiſm, when I readily admit, that I have not rendered full juſtice to the characters I have drawn; when I reflect on the eminent virtues and ſuperior qualities of theſe apoſtles, my vanity will not be mortified, if the execution is not found adequate to the materials; and at the bottom of my work, I myſelf will write

Materia ſuperat opus.